THE ANGLEWORM.

An Angleworm yawned and stretched himself out,
Then sighed and drew himself in—
"Although I can render myself short and stout,
Then instantly quite long and thin,
This earthly existence I always have found
To be a most consummate bore;
There's nothing to do but make holes in the ground,
And nothing, alas! to live for!"

"Tut, tut," said the Grub Worm, phlegmatic and slow,
"Why look you so sad and sedate?
Cheer up, little brother—you certainly know
That fishermen love you—for bait,
Though some creatures lead a tumultuous life,
That may be, indeed, much more spicy,
They pay up with headaches, and sorrows and strife
Unknown to the genus lumbrici.

"Just think," said the Grub Worm, "how simply you're made—
How uncomplicated you grew:
The gard'ner may cut you in twain with his spade,
And instead of one worm, you are two!
Each portion strikes out in a different way,
And soon both are hardy and fat!
Where else will you find in a creature of clay
Such wonderful structure as that?"

Serenely contented the Angleworm then
Resumed his old habits of thought,
And never—no, never—grew weary again
Of his gloomy terrestrial lot,
Though a small onion bed and a cucumber patch
His orbit of action defined,
And life was a bore, pretty much as before,
He never thereafter repined.

Brer Angleworm lived as an Angleworm should—
Was bound by no statutes or code—
An idealist he, and tho' pious and good,
He dreamed of no better abode,
And Death and the Grave had no terrors for him—
This worm beneath human contempt,
Compared with which we are as bright Seraphim,
From sin and pollution exempt.

Oh, Angleworm! Angleworm! Happy thy lot!
In Earth's tranquil breast to abide,
Without a regret for the things you have not—
Impassive, whatever betide
Neither envy nor hope, nor passion nor fear,
Nor visions of happier states,
Can light with a smile or dim with a tear,
He scorns both the Furies and Fates.

And, bound to this poor little atom of Earth
That floats in the Infinite Vast,
Man gropes about blindly, 'twixt anguish and mirth,
And guesses and doubts to the last
May be, 'mongst the millions of glorious spheres
That roll through the regions of God,
Are beings—of Jove and Apollo the peers,
To whom we are as Worms of the Clod!
—Punseutawney Spirit.

When a Friend Deals With a Friend.

By Franklin Michael.

"AND you say the mortgage is twenty-five hundred dollars, due March 1st."

"And you can't get the money anywhere?"

"Nowhere; I've tried every place in town, even old Peddicord. Money is tighter now at the banks than at any time since the panic started. They won't let out a dollar except to old customers. So if you can't do this, Ral, my home is gone, that's all."

"Hem! Just state that proposition over again, Mac."

"It's this: I'll transfer the title of the farm to you; you assume the mortgage and hold the place in your name; when the panic is over and I get straightened out, I'll take it back, pay you for what you've paid out and for your trouble besides. If I am never able to redeem it, the farm'll be yours for good; understand?"

"Yes; but Mac, you surely know that this is not a good business proposition."

"Yes, I know that well enough. It's a proposition I would make to no man living except Ralston Blair. The land would bring at least seventy-five dollars an acre if times were good; now it would not sell at all, and if the mortgage is foreclosed I'll get little or nothing for my money and work. Olive and I are both sick and discouraged, but if you can do this for us, we'll have one chance left to get on our feet again."

"Well, I don't know what to say. I must have time to think. My burdens are heavy enough now, as you know. At the same time I feel as though I must help you. I'll tell you, you drop in—say Thursday morning—and I'll see what I can do for you."

The above is in substance the talk that took place between the Reverend Ralston Blair and Philip McClure one morning in February, 1895. The men had been intimate from boyhood. They graduated from school together, Blair at the head of the class, McClure near the foot. Blair was brilliant and popular in school; McClure was dull and reserved. Blair passed through college and entered the ministry; McClure went from school to the farm. Blair scored a success from the start; married a girl as ambitious as himself, and was at this time pastor of the most fashionable church in Ailsbury. McClure married pretty Olive Pinkney, bought an eighty-acre farm two miles out from Ailsbury and prospered until hard times, poor crops, low prices and sickness combined to reduce him to the extremity we have seen.

The feeling that existed between the young men could not be called friendship; it was not reciprocal. On McClure's part it was genuine hero worship. He idolized Blair; he gloried in his successes, and, above all else, had absolute faith in him. Blair, on the other hand, accepted McClure's worship and encouraged it, because it satisfied the demand of a selfish nature. He was one of those mortals who, while incapable of deep feelings himself, was yet able to play upon the heart strings of those about him.

But to resume our story. The outcome of the talk recorded above was that McClure's farm was legally transferred to Blair. McClure at once moved his wife and two babies to Ailsbury; took possession of a small cottage and found work in a brickyard. He was a good worker.

The farm was rented, and three years passed without incident. But the souls of the McClures were wrung with anguish when they beheld the havoc wrought by careless renters on their little farm. The young orchard, their special pride, was trampled to death by horses and catttle; the lawn in front of the house was turned into a nursery for pigs and geese, and cockle-burs were fast taking the place of all other crops in the field. Still, the real owners of the land must suffer in silence; they had no right to protest.

During all this time Mr. Blair was very busy and the McClures could not complain if they saw but little of him. His success as a preacher was marked; his church was crowded at every service; lecture committees were most urgent in their demands upon him, and, as a fitting crown to all this, he had just accepted a call to a leading pulpit in the metropolis.

The McClure family was as poor at the end of the three years as at the beginning, but they had saved enough money to pay all back interest on the mortgage. They could get time on the mortgage now because of improved business conditions; good health had come again, and, above all, they desired to put a stop to the ruin on the farm.

With this in mind, Philip called one morning upon Mr. Blair in his study. The minister listened to all his visitor had to say, nervously marking with a pencil the while on the tablet on his desk. When the story was finished he said without looking up:

"I see no necessity for opening up that subject at this late day, Mac."

"But Ralston," reasoned McClure, "I feel able to run the farm nicely now, and I thought that as you were going away soon, you'd not want to bother with it any longer, anyhow. Besides, you know I was to have it back whenever I thought best."

"No, sir," said Blair in great irritation, "I don't know anything of the kind. The deal between me and you was well understood. I was to hold your place or not, as I saw fit. I took it off your hands in good faith, to relieve you of a burden you were unable to bear. So considering, I sold the farm to Peddicord last week."

Then a fearful thing occurred. Let those who have probed deep into the human soul and laid bare its inner workings, tell whether Philip McClure's action was prompted by the blind passion of the moment, by the thought of his loss, or by the shock caused by the sudden revelation of Blair's true character, or by all of these combined. What he did was to spring to his feet and with one murderous blow with a chair strike the minister to the floor and then run out into the street.

Before he had gone many steps the horror of what he had done rushed upon him, and he hurried back in breathless haste to undo as far as possible the evil of his insane act. He found Blair lying just as he had fallen. He was dead. The corner of the chair had struck him on the temple and crushed the skull.

What "Tundra" Is.

"One of the words that the people of the United States will hear a good many times this summer," said a member of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, "is 'tundra.' It is in the tundra or where it joins the beach that the easiest gold digging in the world is found at Cape Nome. The 'tundra,' as every one knows who has visited Alaskan coasts, is the low ground lying between the mountains and the beach. It is marshy and covered with grass and moss during the summer and it never thaws more than a couple of feet below the surface. While everybody talks about the 'tundra' and knows what it is by sight, not one in a thousand or more knows where or what the word is from. I am free to confess I didn't know myself until an Eastern friend wrote out to Seattle making inquiries, and I began to make inquiries in Seattle. Not a man of all the miners and others I asked could answer any simple question until I found a Russian. He told me the word was Russian and meant low and marshy land. 'Tundra' differs from 'steppes' in this that 'tundra' is used to describe the low, flat and ordinarily valueless land between two streams and is common along the coasts of Siberia and on the American side of the Bering Straits, all of which is 'tundra.' 'Steppes' originally meant a sandy desert, but, by long custom, it has come to mean grassy plains as well. I don't know whether the word is in American dictionaries or not, for I haven't had time to look it up, but I know I hadn't heard it a dozen times in my life till the later gold discoveries in Alaska."

"Course of True Love."

"Mean!" exclaimed the young man. "Well, say! he's about the meanest ever. What do you think he did?"

Of course they gave it up.

"Well, sir," he explained, "they have one of the nicest little secluded porches you ever saw, and Tessie and I used to sit over in the shadowest corner of it nearly every evening."

"And he forbade it?" they suggested inquiringly.

"Worse than that," he replied.

"How could it be worse than that?" they asked.

"He put a coat of luminous paint on it," he answered, and of course nothing remained but to vote him the prize for the best hard luck story of the session.—Chicago Post.

INVENTOR OF PRINTING.

FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF GUTENBERG.

He Was a Native of the Old Rhenish City of Mayence—A Patrician by Birth—Learned the Printing Trade and Revolutionized It With Movable Type.

Germany has just celebrated in a most fitting way the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, one of the most notable and characteristic of her sons. In the beautiful old Rhenish city of Mayence, the birthplace of the inventor, there was an exhibition of the best and the most curious which the printer's art has produced during the past five hundred years. There was an historical procession through the old streets in which the costumes of Gutenberg's time were reproduced. Hundreds of scholars and specialists in printing came from all parts of Germany to do honor to the great man's memory. There were festal excursions on the historic river and illuminations in the evenings—altogether a worthy and dignified celebration. No one can accuse the Germans of neglecting the memory of their great men.

It is impossible to state with accuracy the exact year of Gutenberg's birth, but there is strong reason for believing that he first saw the light some time near the close of the fourteenth century. His real name was Gensfleisch, Gutenberg being only his cognomen, probably the name of the place whence the family came. He belonged to a partrician family of Mayence, his father seems to have been a man of political importance, for we hear of him as involved in the turmoils which at that time were chronic between the Bishop Elector of Mayence and the guilds and burghers. With his family he was obliged to fly to Strassburg, and it was in the Alsatian city that Gutenberg learned the arts which he was afterward to turn to such good account. He devoted himself to goldsmith's work, to the manufacture of mirrors, and to experiments in iron, copper and lead. During Gutenberg's residence in Strassburg we get one or two curious glimpses of him, but nothing that is sufficient. He had a legal dispute with some citizens as to a certain plant in which he was interested, but of more human interest is a complaint made against him to the Bishop by a certain Anna of the Iron Gates for refusing to fulfill a pledge he had made to marry her.

This is all we know of Gutenberg until we again hear of him in Mayence, a man of matured middle age, probably fifty years old. Mayence at that time was a great ecclesiastical centre, and likely enough Gutenberg had returned to his paternal city to manufacture goldsmith's work for the Bishop Elector and his clergy. But he must have had other views as well. While in Strassburg he had his attention turned to the tedious processes involved in the printing of the Donati, as the elementary Latin grammars of the time were called. The letters were engraved on a large block of wood, much as our wood cuts are at the present time. We do not know Gutenberg's processes of thought, but the idea had evidently struck him that this cumbrous method of production would be vastly simplified if movable metal letters were employed instead of engraved blocks of wood. In Strassburg he had set himself the task of molding these letters of various degrees of hardness, and it is evident that when he returned to Mayence he brought with him a considerable supply of these movable types.

Gutenberg was always a poor man, and evidently thriftless. So on his arrival in Mayence he made the acquaintance of a certain Johann Fust, a fifteenth century capitalist, who for a consideration was willing to set up the inventor as a printer in a properly equipped printing office. Gutenberg anxious to get work, accepted Fust's offer. But the business association of the two men was a failure. Gutenberg could pay neither capital nor interest, and Fust was compelled to cast about for a more business-like partner, whom he found in the celebrated Peter Schoffer. Poor Gutenberg was deprived of much of his best type, and had it not been for the merciful interposition of a wealthy burgher, who believed in him, he would have suffered complete commercial shipwreck. He never, however, was able to get his head above water, and after two or three years of painful struggle he gave up the contest against the powerful firm of Fust & Schoffer.

Toward the close of his life, probably broken down by cares and disappointments, he seems to have joined the confraternity of lay brothers of St. Victor and to have led an ascetic, prayerful life. His friends managed to procure for him a position as one of the Elector's Servitors, a nomination which secured for him a new suit of clothes every year, and a sufficiency of corn and wine for his necessities. Once a year he went to the Elector's castle at Eltville to obtain his suit of clothes. He was over sixty when he died an unnoticed man, and few of his townsmen followed him to his humble grave in the cloisters of the Dominican monastery.

It is to Gutenberg's association with Fust that we owe the celebrated Gutenberg Bibles. There were two of these, the first (1453-1456) with forty-two lines to the page, the second with thirty-six lines. Only thirty-one copies of the forty-two-line Bible are known to exist, some of them imperfect, and of the thirty-six-line, only nine, more or less complete, copies. It is not probable that the forty-two-line Bible was printed in a larger edition than one hundred copies. A short time after its appearance in 1456 a forty-two-line Bible was sold in Mayence for forty gold guldens, equal to about $70; and a few years ago in London a good copy reached the enormous price of $1900. It is pleasant to remember that this old citizen of Mayence had felt the need of printing the Bible. It was this that spurred him on to his work, and we are grateful to him for the large share he has taken in enabling us now, five hundred years after his birth, to circulate this most glorious of all books in millions of copies in all the languages of the earth.—New York Independent.

A Grouse Cock Fight.

I had nearly lost hope of bagging a chicken and had turned a shoulder to the breeze, says Maurice Thompson in the Atlantic, when something whistled, or chirped, close behind me. At the same time wings fluttered, and upon turning, I saw a cock grouse not more than six feet from me. When he struck the ground he erected all of his feathers and looked at me wildly. I had twisted myself and was turned but half around. I saw that he was going to fly—I must shoot instantly or not at all. It was an awkward situation. Then a new feature was added. Flying like a bullet came another cock and struck the first, whereupon the two fought like savages, tumbling on the grass, striking with their wings, pecking, kicking, chattering. Evidently they were bent upon killing each other if possible. I let drive an arrow at them and missed. Shot again and knocked one over. The other flew away in crazy haste. On my way back to camp I passed through a scrub-oak grove on a low, sandy ridge lying at right angles to the river, and in the midst of it found a pond literally swarming with ducks of different species. They must have sought the sheltered place to avoid the chill and worry of the wind. It was deep water and the birds kept well out from shore, so I did not shoot, as every arrow would have been lost.

A River's Curious Course.

Unique in its kind is no doubt the Mocona waterfall in the South American republic of Uruguay, situated about two miles below the mouth of the Piperi Assu River into the Uruguay. A great rock divides the river into two separate streams in such a manner that the right arm continues its flow on the original level, while the second arm falls gradually, so that it finally lies twenty-two feet below the level of the other arm. The bed of the upper part of the river is not very deep, and the water flows partly in a right angle to the river, thus forming a waterfall of more than two miles in length.

This unique view presents itself to the traveler, however, only during the winter, for in the summer, and especially during the rainy season, the Uruguay contains such immense quantities of water that both arms form one single stream, navigable even for the largest freight steamers. The fall has been known for centuries, and a description of it was published as early as 1691 by Rev. Antonius Sepp, a missionary from Tyrol, who spent over twenty years among the Indians of Uruguay.

The Roar of a Battle.

The roar of the navy's four-point-seven's, their crash, their rush as they passed, the shrill whine of the shrapnel, the barking of the howitzers, and the mechanical, regular rattle of the quick-firing Maxims, which sounded like the clicking of many mowing machines on a hot summer's day, tore the air with such hideous noises that one's skull ached from the concussion, and one could only be heard by shouting. But more impressive by far than this hot chorus of mighty thunder and petty hammering was the roar of the wind which was driven down into the valley beneath, and which swept up again in enormous waves of sound. It roared like a great hurricane at sea. The illusion was so complete that you expected, by looking down, to see the Tugela lashing at her banks, tossing the spray hundreds of feet in air, and battling with her sides of rock. It was like the roar of Niagara in a gale, and yet when you did look below not a leaf was stirring, and the Tugela was slipping forward, flat and sluggish, and in peace.—Richard Harding Davis, in Scribner's.

The Sparrow in a New Light.

An English writer, in a recent issue of the Lady's Pictorial, says: "Do you know that the ordinary sparrow, when tamed, is a very affectionate creature, and a most lively and intelligent companion? A friend of ours tamed one, and it not only discriminated between the members of the family, loving some and disliking others, but actually had its own musical preferences, strange little bird! It hated Chopin, tolerated Liszt, ignored Beethoven, but enjoyed Mozart and Mendelssohn. What bird of high aristocratic lineage could you find who would show such critical faculties as this? Bullfinches, charming as is their mellow whistle, are such delicate birds as to be a constant care, and they are of so jealous a disposition that they have been known to pine and die when superseded by some other pet."

The Brains of Women.

From scientific observations made all over the world it appears that women's brains are invariably of less dimensions than those of men. Height and weight appear in nowise to affect this result. Men of less stature, men of equal weight with women, still own heavier and larger brains. The result is uniform in all countries, and with all races. Whenever and wherever measurements of brain have been attempted the same thing is seen. Men have always nearly ten per cent. more brains than women.—London Graphic.

Singhalese Children.

The Singhalese children are said to be more beautiful than those of any other race on the four continents, and some of the little girls, even of the very lowest caste, are irresistibly pretty as they run before you in the streets to beg; they cry out in the sweetest and most plaintive of voices, touching the stomachs to signify hunger in a way that would be awkward and vulgar in any other being, but in them it is so winsome that, before you know it, you sacrifice a rupee to the bad cause of encouraging them in begging—knowing quite well that all they want is a good opportunity to pick your pocket for more.—Outing.

Munster, Germany, has a high school which has been in existence 1,100 years.

London has 13,564 policemen, or nineteen to the square mile. Sixty per cent. of them are on night duty.

The government of Greece is now more liberal with mining concessions, and as a result mines are being worked in the provinces of Attica, Thessaly, Milo and Boeotia.

The aging of timber, which formerly required long storage, is now completed by electricity in a few hours.

It is estimated that the number of Germans and their descendants in the United States is fifteen million.

In 1870 there were 9,000 Shakers in the United States. At present they do not number more than 1,100.

Under British rule the cotton crop of Egypt has doubled, and now amounts to over 500,000,000 pounds a year.

The catalogue of the Paris Exhibition will contain the names of nearly 90,000 exhibitors of all nations.

A striped waistcoat worn by Robert Burns was sold in London the other day for $16.

London newsboys are now prohibited from yelling forth the contents of their wares.

Buenos Ayres has twenty excellent markets in the city.

In Kansas it is proposed to start a magazine which shall be contributed to only by residents of Kansas.

Fargo, N. D., with a population of less than 11,000, has 88 secret societies.

A Woman's Reason.

A lady who was very much fatigued with the responsibilities of her home and family, yielded to the insistence of a friend and went away from home for a rest of three days, but at the end of that time, being still earnestly solicited to stay, she telegraphed home: "Is every one well?" Her husband promptly replied: "Yes. Why?" She was in a household where late hours were the rule, so she sat up till midnight, and then went to a telegraph station near-by, and sent this truly feminine message: "Because." It was "collect" and it reached the gentleman at two a. m., and acted as a restraint upon future telegraphic witticisms on his part.—Youths' Companion.

Big Trade in Frozen Meats.

New Zealand's frozen meat trade with Great Britain now equals about 18,000 sheep a day, or some 6,500,000 carcasses per annuam.

BNU 20.